PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM KITE.

By

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GERMANTOWN:

PRESS OF INDEPENDENT-GAZETTE,

1901.

A PAPER WRITTEN FOR THE "THE GERMANTOWN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY," AND READ AT ITS MEETING, MARCH TWELFTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED. . . . . BY RESOLUTION OF EVEN DATE, ORDERED PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM KITE.

On the morning of the day of our last meeting at this place, I was startled to hear of the death of William Kite. I had known him so long, and he was so much a part of this community, that I never though of a time, when we should be called upon, to go on without him. Like days which come with brightness, we saw him here, and like new days which follow in their course, so I looked for him to reappear. His familiar presence and kindly face, we shall see no more, but his youthful interest, his inspiring enthusiasm, his simple goodness, must live with us until the end.

I am not fitted, nor is it my purpose to present a biographical sketch. Other members of this society knew Mr. Kite for a longer period than I, other friends were more closely associated withhim, and upon those intimate relations which best discover the source, of which all outward expression is but a meagre reflection, I

prefer to be silent, leaving to those to whom it rightfully belongs, the preparation of a worthy memorial. My object is, to present in a simple way, some of Mr. Kite's own recollections, and if the little I can give, will enable you to become better acquainted with the gentle spirit which has left us, then I shall feel a duty done, and the most I hope for, will be satisfied.

Before the Friends' new library was built, and when books were distributed from Friends' Meeting on Coulter street, I was a scholar at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, and Mr. Kite I frequently saw, but I did not become acquainted with him until the spring of 1875. At that time I was a messenger boy in Germantown, and being anxious to improve myself, I sought the privileges of the library, which had then been removed to Main street. Procuring an application slip and securing the necessary endorsement, I approached the library in a very uncertain frame of mind. I say uncertain frame of mind, because as I walked up the steps to the building, I felt not a little uneasy. Several times I had gone to the library to read, and somehow, I had

formed an opinion, that Mr. Kite was a very stern man. I had heard him warn, and afterwards "lecture" boys, who persisted in talking above a whisper. I had seen him chase boys who came in to annoy him by taking tracts they did not wish, and I was prepared to have him tell me "begone," when I presented my note. But Mr. Kite did not tell me "begone." Instead, he spoke to me kindly, asked me where I worked, what I did, and inquired what book I cared to have, and when I could not tell him, he directed me to pick out one to suit myself. The uneasiness I felt, disappeared at once, and forever.

Mr. Kite, both mentally and physically, was the finest specimen of a rare good age I ever met. As you well know, he stood nearly erect, and until recently, his step was vigorous. When I saw Mr. Gladstone in 1894 he looked like an old man. At 85, Mr. Kite was active and alert; his "eye had not dimmed, nor had his natural force abated." But far beyond this was the hopefulness of his nature. I never before knew one so old, so young. Mr. Kite never to me displayed the weaknesses peculiar to extreme old age.

He ever kept himself interested in the things about him, and endeavored to keep abreast of the progress of the day. It was one of my privileges and delights to meet Mr. Kite at the library, and many evenings I spent there with him, listening to accounts of old Philadelphia history, accounts which gave him as much pleasure to give, as it did to the hearer to receive. At other times his talks were of birds, of plants, and of other subjects of a more or less scientific nature. Mr. Kite believed in the study of nature, and he thought it a pity that more attention was not given the subject in the public schools.

At the time of the change in the Horticultural Society several years ago Mr. Kite was not a little disturbed, because he heard that those in control cared little for the society, and that so long as the "reserve" held good, the money in the treasury would be freely spent. Upon my assuring him that the reverse of this was the truth, he seemed relieved, and said he wished he were younger, so he could take a more active part in the work. Mr. Kite did take an active part in the meetings of the society, as the older

members, I feel sure, can never forget. I well remember a disagreeable, stormy night, when the air was filled with sleet, and the pavements were covered with ice, just two winters ago, that I appeared at Association Hall expecting to find no one but the secretary, Mr. Redles. Imagine my surprise, while standing at the doorway, to see Mr. Kite coming up Main street, with a plant under his arm. When I told him he should not have ventured out upon such a night, he said, "It is nothing." Indeed he seemed to think it strange, that one should think him too old to come out in any weather. I mention Mr. Kite's connection with the Horticultural Society at this time, because it was through it, that I became more intimate with him. For years I had gone to the library, and his talks, if talks they could be called, consisted chiefly of advice by him to me concerning books. He had positive opinions upon books, and these opinions he never attempted to conceal. It was, however, upon a visit with Mr. Kite to Mr. Charles J. Wister's home, that I saw more clearly the beauty of his character. Somehow the natural reserve which separates those

of different ages was broken, and a side of his nature I never suspected, was exposed.

Thomas Meehan, who as chairman of the Botanical Committee of the Horticultural Society, had given monthly lectures before the society for many years, owing to ill health, felt called upon to give up active work in this committee. In accepting Mr. Meehan's resignation from the chairmanship of the Botanical Committee, the society appointed Charles J. Wister, William Kite and the writer a committee to prepare resolutions of regret and appreciation. This committee met at Mr. Wister's home, and when I parted from Mr. Kite at his own home after the meeting, I felt that I knew him better.

Mr. Kite's interest was centered in the library, but he did not permit that interest to eclipse other interests. He desired the library to be a great intellectual centre, and he wished it to become a resort for the young. More and more as he grew older, he seemed to care for the younger readers. When the new Public Library was opened in Vernon Hall, Mr. Kite in several talks expressed his deep

concern at the loss of a number of school children, who had made use of the books. He feared the choice of books at the Public Library. He knew his own books, and he had no fear of them. When I told him I thought the loss of the children was due to the delay in the completion of the addition to the library building, and also to the fact, that special attention was given school children at the Public Library, he seemed somewhat relieved, and said he "hoped to see the children back again." Though at first Mr. Kite feared the new library, such was his interest, that at the opening of the Public Library in its new home in Vernon Park, he was present, and he there told me he was pleased with it, though he also said, "I like my own best."

In a talk I had with Mr. Kite about a year ago, he told me he thought the Public Library had benefited, rather than hindered his own library. I was glad to hear this from him, because the Public Library was secured to Germantown through the influence of the Mermaid Club, and it was a Mermaid Club argument, that the Public Library would benefit the Friends' Library.

In recent years, Mr. Kite seemed to me to change in regard to books. Not many years ago, he was most pronounced against fiction, but during the past few years, he seemed to look upon it differently. Once he told me there were many books the library should have, but that the conditions of a bequest forbade it, and he also regretted that this same bequest, restricted the territory, to which books should be distributed.

Last year, while at the library one evening, picking up a book, I said, "How is this Mr. Kite, I didn't know you would allow a book of this kind here?" "What is it?" said he, "Is it a bad book?" "No," said I, "only 'Deborah's Diary,' a novel." "Foolishness," then said he. "It may be that," said I, "but it is not bad." Well," said he, "they will get in once in awhile in spite of us."

Several times I directed Mr. Kite's attention to books which I thought too valuable, or too rare, for free circulation. One of these books was "Bartram's Travels in Florida," another was "The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth." There were several others, but with all he thought the same, they should be open

to every reader to take away. Some of the rare books have since been placed on the reference shelves, but as yet, I know no library so liberal in this respect as the Friends' Free Library of Germantown. The Friends' Free Library, is a great public library, and Mr. Kite was proud of it. Under his eye he had seen it develop from a small thing, to a library which attracted widespread attention. Once, when I told Mr. Kite of a friend of the library, who said he thought "the Friends' Library the best church in Germantown," Mr. Kite replied, "I am glad to know the library is appreciated." I well remember how pleased he seemed when I told him Samuel Longfellow said,—he considered the Friends' Library "the best selected library in the United States."

Samuel Longfellow, when he lived in Germantown, was a regular visitor to the library, and more than once Mr. Kite displayed to me his high regard for him.

Many readers and students there were who frequented the library, and who became acquainted with Mr. Kite. There all had the same privileges in common, and there all were treated alike. John Fos-

ter Kirk, whose books were welcomed to its shelves, and Ellen Olney Kirk, whose work was denied a place, for years were almost daily visitors. Here those whose books help dignify the walls of many libraries came for knowledge and refreshment. Here authors of national reputation, and readers of limited opportunities, were met with the same patient smile, and received the same courteous treatment.

To a friend of mine, a Germantown florist, who failed to find a book he called for, and who was engaged in looking over a collection of books on poetry, Mr. Kite said,—"William, I thought thee too old to bother thy head with poetry." The book William called for, was an expensive book on ferns, which the library had not, and acting upon a suggestion, an application card was filled, and in two weeks, William had the book he sought, at home.

I mention these things, because of my own debt of gratitude to the library, and to show how closely Mr. Kite, with the library committee, attended to those details which are fundamental to a successful library. But Mr. Kite's interest in his

work would not permit him to be satisfied with mere routine. Those of us who have long attended horticultural meetings, cannot fail to remember how upon several occasions, Mr. Kite directed attention to the botanical books under his care, and how he urged the members of the society to visit the library and make use of its books.

The success of the library,and the good work it might do, Mr. Kite had very much at heart, but he had other interests as well, and there were other sides to his character. I remember a long time ago, he said to me, he thought it strange that he should find himself settled among books. He told me his father had warned him not to think too much of books, and he wondered why, after having started out in life as a printer of books and having abandoned them for twenty-five years, he should come again to books. Mr. Kite, I think, valued a book for its intrinsic worth, and not for any other consideration. I could never discover any of the "book-worm" in him, and I doubt if he ever trembled as he turned over the pages of a new book. Though books did not seem to appeal to

Mr. Kite in a theoretical, or sentimental way, there were many books he delighted to handle, and talk about. Several of these books were in the reference case at the library, and often as I stood with him there, he picked out book after book, giving something of interest in connection with each. One of these was Winkler's "Handbuch der Geswachskunde," a German atlas of plants, the illustrations of which, botanically, Mr. Kite considered superior to Thomas Meehan's "Flowers and Ferns of the United States," a book he much admired. Another book was "Gramina Brittanica," by J. L. Knapp, as the name indicates, a complete work upon English grasses. By the aid of Knapp's book, Mr. Kite determined a strange grass which he found growing near Wayne Junction, to be bromus sterilis, "the drooping broom." The last time I looked at this book, the marker placed in it by Mr. Kite, still kept its place. Peter Kalm's "En Resa til Norra America" also interested him, and its queer Dutch characters and queerer syntax puzzled him. He could never be sure whether these were pure Dutch, or a mixture of German and

"Pennsylvania Dutch." Perhaps the book which interested him most of all, was "Illustrations of Birds of California, Texas, Oregon, British, and Russian America," by John Cassin.

John Cassin was an ornithologist connected with the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, whose work is noted for its extreme care and fidelity to nature. "John Cassin and I," Mr. Kite said, "were about the same age, and were boys together." Often we went off on outings for birds, and we usually spent our vacations in this way. One day while we were out on a tramping trip at "Wind Gap," near the Delaware Water Gap, Cassin, who always carried a short gun, suddenly stopped and said, "William, there is a bird I want," and disappeared in a thicket. Reappearing in about half an hour with nothing, Mr. Kite said to him, "Where is the bird?" "I was mistaken," he said, "I have the bird at home, and I would not needlessly hurt another." Many of the specimens now in the collection of birds at the Academy of Natural Sciences, were presented by John Cassin, and one of the rarest, is a species of Mexican duck,

which Cassin discovered on a stand in old Twelfth Street Market. It was Cassin's practice to frequent the markets, and several of his best specimens were secured in this way. The rare duck in question, alighted on a tree not far south of Camden, N. J., a farmer shooting it, and placing it among other birds for "market."

It was Mr. Kite's love of nature which kept him bright within, and without. To the last, his interest in the wonders about him never flagged, and this love of nature with him, was no narrow thing. He loved nature, but he did not love "nature" which excluded man. He was not a Thoreau, willing to sacrifice the greater, to find the less. Henry Carvill Lewis was an occasional visitor to the library, and one of Mr. Kite's last talks, was of Mr. Lewis, and of minerals. In speaking of Mr. Lewis, I mentioned a certain iron boulder, not uncommon in Germantown, a glacial deposit, which Mr. Lewis told me could be found only at elevations not less than 300 feet above the sea. Mr. Kite knew of this, and showed me several interesting objects of his own finding. Among these were a

number of Indian tomahawks and an Indian pounding bowl, which he said he found on Washington lane, beyond Cope's place.

Mr. Kite often spoke of his early home in Philadelphia, and he never spoke of it, without showing the pleasure of his recollections. While standing in the library one evening, the chimes of St. Luke's Church across the way suddenly, and noisily broke forth. I asked—"Do the chimes annoy you, Mr. Kite?" "Annoy me?" he answered in his quiet way, as if in surprise,—"No, I like to hear them. I was born under old Christ Church chimes in Second street, and they remind me of when I was a boy." Mr. Kite mentioned many times the flowers which grew in his mother's garden, and how they flourished under her care, and he told how Timothy Conrad used to call on "First Day," to have a look at them. Timothy and Solomon Conrad Mr. Kite often spoke of. By his associates Timothy Conrad was considered a very fine botanist, who, like Zaccheus Collins, studied the science for no other reason, than the pleasure it gave.

Solomon Conrad was also a botanist,

and a publisher of scientific books, publishing among others, Henry Muhlenberg's "Catalogus Plantarum" and "Flora Lancastriensis." Mr. Kite told me of calling on Timothy Conrad one day to learn the name of a plant, and how he taught him a lesson he never forgot. He waited upon Mr. Conrad with a flower, when he said, "William, where is the leaf?" Having no leaf, and standing abashed, Mr. Conrad continued, "William, never bring me a flower again without a leaf." The omission, the narrator said, was never repeated. In 1893 Dr. Abbott, the naturalist, in a letter to me of his family, said, "You can get some information of Mr. Kite, librarian, Library of Germantown. He remembers my grandfather, who died in 1831, twelve years before the birth of yours truly, Charles C. Abbott."

Mr. Kite's talks of old Philadelphia, could not fail to be interesting to one of this generation, and I was always eager to listen to him. His father's place of business was Number 139 Market street, which, according to the old system of numbering, stood between Third and Fourth streets, a centre of many remin-

iscences. He told me how his grandfather used to shoot ducks on a pond at where Fourth and Market streets now is. He mentioned a stream, which no doubt coursed from this pond, and which emptied into Dock street, near present Second and Dock streets. He also told me of a stream which rose where Eighth street, and Spruce street, now intersect, and which his grandfather traced southeastwardly to the Delaware river. An interesting fact he told me of his grandfather was this, that when Col. Nixon read the "Declaration of Independence" to the assemblage in the State House yard, he was there, and an account of it he gave to his grandson, who was proud to get his knowledge of this important event, direct from the hearer. Mr. Kite spoke many times of the old water works at Centre Square, and described the wooden water pipes conducting the water to the wells, there being one well in each block,to which the water flowed, and from which the water had to be pumped. Mr. Kite remembered the time when there were none but farm houses west of Broad street, and north of Arch street. He told me that while a member

of the Scientific Committee of the Franklin Institute, it became his duty as a member of that committee to make a number of kite flying electrical experiments. These experiments were conducted at "Cherry Hill," and were entirely successful. To reach "Cherry Hill," Mr. Kite told me he always took a cut across the fields, from the northwest corner of Broad and Arch streets. Mr. Kite also told me of the troublesome times of the early "thirties," and how he and a companion were molested by a crowd of rowdies on South Fourth street. But things of this nature he did not often refer to. His was a peaceable disposition, though he told me he never passed the Philadelphia Stock Yards, near Market street bridge, except with feelings which did not become a "Friend," for there, he said, the Friends' Burying Ground was wantonly destroyed, and much that was held sacred, was leveled off into the river.

One of Mr. Kite's early acquaintances in Philadelphia, was Dr. John D. Godman. Dr. Godman was the author of "American Natural History," a work well known in its day, but now not often

heard of. In the first volume of this work, there is an article upon the ground-hog, or woodchuck. Mr. Kite told me he captured a ground-hog with its young, and one of the young, he kept for a pet. Becoming tired of it in a few weeks, he gave it to Dr. Godman. In his book Dr. Godman states he made his notes from personal observation, and the notes were prompted by the identical animal, presented by Mr. Kite. In Philadelphia, Dr. Godman lived on the west side of Twelfth street, near Arch, and he lectured in the college, on College avenue, near where the post office now is. Dr. Godman lived in Germantown for a few years before his death, and in 1830 he died, as Dr. I. P. Willits informed me, in the old stone house on Germantown road, standing directly opposite Pastorius street. In this house then, was written that delightful little book, "The Rambles of a Naturalist," for Dr. Godman wrote this book upon a sick bed, and completed it but a short time before his death.

Mr. Kite for some years was in the publishing business in Philadelphia with his father, and finding that printing did

not agree with him, he took his doctor's advice, and removed to the country. He bought himself a farm at Birmingham, near West Chester, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and at once entered into farm life, and farm duties, the pursuit of which gave him rugged health, and that strength which carried him far beyond the term of years usually granted to man.

Mr. Kite often spoke of his out-door life on the farm; of his opening of a stone quarry; of his success with small fruits; of how he increased the productiveness of a number of plum trees, by fertilizing them with salt. The use of salt on plum trees was especially interesting. Mr. Kite said the trees did not bear well, and knowing the plum to be a seashore plant, he spread salt as an experiment, the results being most marked, and the benefits permanent.

In all his talks with me, no matter the nature, Mr. Kite always returned to flowers. He loved them, and he never became tired of speaking of them. Mr. Kite loved flowers of every sort, but the simple, modest, unpretentious, wild flowers, he loved the best. Once at a

horticultural meeting he told me he did not care for orchids. "They are uncanny and too gorgeous," he thought. The little "quaker lady," the "anemone" and the "blood root" appealed to him in a way the iris and the rose did not. Though loving the early spring flowers best, the rarer and more conspicuous flowers he was familiar with. Twenty years or more ago, noticing that I mostly took botanical books from the library, Mr. Kite asked me if I cared for wild flowers; and after, asked me if I knew "Mr. Redles, who has a mill on Wakefield street," and said,—"You should know him, for he knows a great deal about flowers." He told me Mr. Redles sometimes came to see him at the library, and Mr. Kite, with an unknown flower he could not make out, occasionally waited upon Mr. Redles at his shop. Mr. Redles was the father of our faithful secretary, and both father and son Mr. Kite thought of most highly, both as botanists, and as men. When possible, it was my custom when having flowers of interest, to leave them at the library with Mr. Kite, and a few years ago, thinking they would please, I took him

flowers of the white and yellow habenaria. The white habenaria Mr. Kite knew, but the yellow variety he had never seen; so I told him Mr. Redles, Sr., had noticed it from a train while on a trip to Cape May, and how the following week he had gone specially to Millville to get it, and that for my knowledge of the flowers before him, I was indebted to Mr. Redles and his son.

Some of you perhaps may have noticed on the wall, along the approach to the library steps, a clump of asplenium ebeneum. This group of plants Mr. Kite watched with the most jealous care, and often spoke of their delicate beauty. While the flowering plants were taking a rest, these little ferns never failed to reward him for his care. To learn that the "fringed gentian" grew in the Wissahickon was one of the many things which pleased Mr. Kite, and he wondered that he had not found it there. But we dare not here go too deeply into flowers. To do so, would be to enter into a discussion of the principal flowers growing about Germantown.

Mr. Kite's love for flowers, and for botany, was not a superficial one, delighting

in technique, and demanding conformity to arbitrary rules. His, was rather a sympathetic love, which saw in the beauty of a new-born flower, the handiwork of the Almighty. He loved the form, the color, the odor, of a flower; the suggestiveness, the spirituality which speaks to the soul, he felt, and it was this, which appealed to him from the beginning.

In his early youth, Mr. Kite, in company with his aunt, made frequent visits to the old Bartram garden, while William Bartram lived there, and though William Bartram died in 1823, Mr. Kite said he thought he had often seen him, but he could not distinctly remember him. At a later day, Mr. Kite attended the botanical lectures given by Constantine S. Rafinesque. These lectures were given at the Franklin Institute, in its building on the east side of Seventh street, below Market street, Philadelphia. Rafinesque was a peculiar man, whom his contemporaries could not understand or appreciate. Like Bacon, with all learning for his province, so Rafinesque deployed more fields than he could hope to conquer, and so charitable

a writer as Dr. Darlington said of him,—"This eccentric and rambling naturalist, although he had by long experience and observation acquired considerable knowledge, yet he made statements so little reliable, held such peculiar views, and withal was so addicted to extravagant innovations in nomenclature, that his productions, generally, were rather injurious than beneficial to the science." Mr. Kite described Rafinesque as a corpulent man, with a queer French accent, and said he sometimes became very angry with the class. When he appeared to lecture, his odd manners and dress attracted the boys, who laughed and made fun of them, and his lot seemed not to have been an ideal one. Rafinesque, said Mr. Kite, was very large about the waist, and wore wide Dutch pantaloons of a peculiar pattern, and never wore suspenders. As he proceeded with a lecture, and warmed up to his subject, he became excited, threw off his coat, his vest worked up to make room for the surging bulk of flesh and white shirt, which sought an escape, and heedless alike of his personal appearance, and the amusement he furnished, was oblivious

to everything but his subject. In spite of Dr. Darlington, who was Mr. Kite's friend, Mr. Kite considered Rafinesque a very able man. Dr. Darlington lived near West Chester, and not far from Mr. Kite's farm. There Mr. Kite often met him. Dr. Darlington wrote the best local flora published up to his day, and by many, it is yet considered the best local flora in print. Thomas Meehan told me that when Dr. Martin wrote "The Undercliff of the Isle of Wight," the doctor told him he had in mind the plan of "Flora Cestrica,"—"That," he said, "cannot be improved upon."

Mr. Kite's life covered the most important period in the development of botanical science in the American field. From William Bartram, to Britton and Brown, is a long span, yet Mr. Kite covered it. During recent years Mr. Kite usually spent his summers at Cragsmoor, in the Adirondack mountains, New York, and there Judge Brown, who assisted in the preparation of the "Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States and Canada," the latest and most important work upon American botany, was Mr. Kite's neighbor, and friend.

While living in Chester county, Mr. Kite knew Dr. Isaac Hayes, who was a member of the second Grinnell expedition to the North Pole, and who made other trips to the icy North, publishing accounts of the same, and who died in New York in 1881. Dr. Hayes lived at West Chester, and while walking with him there one evening, an aurora appeared, which Dr. Hayes said was equal to anything of the kind he had seen at the far North. It was perhaps Mr. Kite's acquaintance and talks with Dr. Hayes, which stimulated, and strengthened, the interest he had in the Arctics.

Mr. Kite's acquaintance was very large, and his interest in persons and things knew no limit. The geology of the mountains about Cragsmoor was a ceaseless wonder to him, and the flora of the same district was an unfailing fount of pleasure. The ice movements, and the glacial deposits of the Cragsmoor region, he often dwelt upon, and how plants belonging north of the Arctic circle could maintain an existence for thousands of years in the New York mountains, was a mystery he never attempted to interpret. The similarity of

the flora of Cragsmoor, with that of Southern New Jersey, he often spoke of. Mr. Kite was at home with the flora of parts of New Jersey. Speaking with him one evening about the plants of Hammonton and Egg Harbor, he showed himself familiar with both places, and told me of a friend at Egg Harbor, who, on sinking a shaft for a well, discovered under a stratum of shells,at 30 feet below the surface, cedar trees as solid, and as perfect as the day the sea covered them, and possessing the same characteristics, as those growing on the surface above.

Mr. Kite had the rare gift of selecting a person's preference, and if the preference was good, of ministering to it. He had positive opinions, and stood always ready to give them, but he never tried to force a way. Mr. Kite was a religious man, yet he never spoke to me of religion. Once or twice he mentioned his work at Westtown, but immediately passed, because, as I doubt not, he thought teaching not of interest to me.

It was this faculty of entering into a person's interests, which was one of the secrets of Mr. Kite's charming personality. Mr. Kite had a quiet vein of

humor, which did not always show itself. Speaking one evening of the "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," a rare book previously spoken of, I mentioned that Henry S. Pancoast told me it was worth $250. Mr. Kite said he knew it to be a valuable book, and said the University of Pennsylvania at one time wished to buy it. "Our committee," he said, "took the matter under consideration, and decided that for a fair price it would let the book go." A nominal sum was offered, and Mr. Kite in the dry manner he was capable of said, "We told them it was not for sale." It was not the saying, but the way he said a thing, which betrayed the current beneath.

Those of us who heard his reply at a horticultural meeting, to "Grandmother Remedies," giving an account of "boneset," and how it got its name, and his clever thrust when concluding,—"I know it to be correct, because I had it from my grandmother," can appreciate his sensibility and skill. We cannot soon forget Mr. Kite. While we remember his earnest appeal to work together for the good of this society; while we remember his contributions to the interest of its

meetings; his pleasing talks upon gentians and asters; his talks upon whatever else he thought of interest, and above all the pleasure of his presence,—while the memory of these things is with us, we can never forget. One more anecdote, and I have done. Mr. Kite was interested in Germantown, and in everything connected with it. When the Mermaid Club gave a public course of lectures several years ago, Mr. Kite attended. When Daniel Cassel and others called a town meeting at the old Menonite Church to secure its preservation, Mr. Kite was there. Mr. Kite was always where he thought he should be. It was Mr. Kite who located the house in which the first meeting of Friends in Germantown, was held. Mr. Kite never spoke to me of literary work but once, yet one of my most valuable books is a "Memoir of Thomas Kite," edited by William Kite. This he never mentioned, as he naturally would not. What he did mention, was an account he prepared for a magazine, of Friends' first meeting place in Germantown, and with this I will conclude. The Friends were known to have met in Germantown first at

Conrad's house, but the location of the house, so far as the outside world was concerned, was unknown. This Mr. Kite undertook to correct, and this he told me he found was no easy thing to do. He first, he said, called upon Charles J. Wister, who referred him to his brother, William Wynne Wister, who in turn referred him to Dr. Ashmead, and who, knowing nothing about the matter, referred him to William Fry.

William Fry not knowing, directed him to his sister, saying, "If my sister cannot help thee, thee need go no farther." Calling upon Miss Fry, the search was ended, for with her aid, the house was definitely located at the northeast corner of Main street and Duy's lane,—now called Wister street. But I have done. No more will Mr. Kite be with us, but in my "mind's eye" I see him at the accustomed place. It is afternoon, and he is standing at the old desk near the door, with a book in hand, and charging off a book, a borrower has returned. Now it is dusk, and the library is very quiet, and almost solitary, and he is putting on the lights. It is evening now, and the library is bright, but another face is at

the desk, and he is sitting in a chair near the magazine rack, absorbed in a "Gardeners' Chronicle," and heedless of those who come and go. Now it is Saturday night, and the week's work is almost done. The time drags slowly, and he is restless. Now he gets a ladder and mounts it to wind the clock. The day is nearly over and he stands and speaks with a friend, who is pleased to find him disengaged. It is now half-past nine, and he is closing the shutters,to close the day. The night is without, and now within,—the library is dark. At the steps he stands, and wraps his cape around him. He passes out into the beyond. To-morrow is "First-day," and he is gone. He will return no more. The "rest which cometh to the children of God" is his; no more shall storm disturb him, and his peace let no man ever assail.

You will pardon me, my friends, if I have trespassed upon you. I have only tried to make you better acquainted with one, who, possessing much, and giving freely, never sought a return for himself, who never intruded, and whose love for all was so large, as to exclude nothing.

He is gone, but who would call him back? What more can one have than righteous principles, with unfaltering faithfulness, an honorable old age, with "troops of friends?" These William Kite had, and no one knew him, but to bless him.

I need say no more. Indeed I can say no more. With a blameless life he had the full "fruits of the Spirit"—"love, joy, peace," and perfect confidence, and to that sure faith he never doubted;—he was constant unto death.